

VOL. III. No 4. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 17 1897. [EXAMINER (Communicator for Non-Commissioned Officers)]

"I am desiring him. Anti-Cycle will command some sympathy ever the close of the interview, for he had it hot and strong all through. One shock came with his first sight of the Commissioner. One of the worthy gentleman's pet prejudices was that the use of a wheel made a woman dislike work and do little of it. Yet here he found the utmost difficulty to obtrude his unostentatious note-book upon Miss Booth's crowded moments, and had followed her literally for miles to secure an audience, and positively at one stage carried his perseverance after her upon the house-top!

The careful inquirer's arguments seemed somehow rather awkward to express when face to face with Miss Booth in her regulation bicycle uniform, (which Anti-Cycle caught himself admiring, much to his disgust) and he could only suggest that he supposed the Commissioner was herself also working. He detailed that the bicycle was an addition to the service of God. This was a weak beginning, and Anti-Cycle knew it, but he would make up for lost time later!

"Well, anyway, the fact of your finding me in wheeled uniform and on the eve of a bicycle tour, should prove to me that I have thoroughly decided on the question," said Miss Booth, in her incisive way.

Anti-Cycle determined to discover to get on of the evil. "However did you come to ride a wheel?" he asked.

"I think," was the ready reply, "that it must have been through my normal condition of ever-present, over-pressing work, and my equally pressing desire to make the most possible use of every fleeting moment of time. I find, in these circumstances, I was quick to see an advantage that enabled me to do."

An Hour's Journey in a Quarter.

and that has carried me into many opportunities which otherwise I could never have reached. For instance, a short time ago I was notified at two o'clock in the morning that an Officer was dangerously sick—unlike to recover, and there was not a public conveyance running at that hour. But my wheel took me there.

"But you must have had to run the gauntlet of public opinion,—or rather some of it"—hastily corrected the questioner, inconveniently remembering the thousands of well-meaning people who would not object to this Army innovation.

"Yes," said Miss Booth, frankly, "but I have had to run that gauntlet before. And in this matter I must say that I think it is only a question of time, for there is no ground or reason to prevent this argument,—but we move the."

Very Insubstantial One of Prejudice.

We are accustomed to the appearance of a godly number of critics—and there are always a number of objectors to meet every new departure for the Salvationist.

"But the wheel is such a worldly thing," said Anti-Cycle, feeling another point slipped from his grasp.

"It is true that the modern invention of man's mind which has evolved into the bicycle of to-day has been used chiefly by the world and for the furtherance of man's selfish ends, but there is no reason against our making use of it for unselfish purposes. As with so many other things, the Salvationist Army recognizes the service into which such can be pressed for the Kingdom of God, and has taken hold of it, thus proving that the

Abuse of a Thing is no Argument of its Worthlessness.

In a similar way, I went on the Commissioner, appealing to her subject, "look at the prejudice that we have had to overcome in our musical method, which opposition we have encountered, when we have taken hold of a song like 'Two Lovely Black Eyes,' or 'Sweet Marie,' and yet these melodies were brought about the direct saving of many."

"But will not your connection with a thing which you admit is so used by

God."

Anti-Cycle's list of arguments was dwindling.

"But your hands are already so full," he gasped, "will not such a new endeavor take you out of the well-known paths of usefulness which the Army has trod so long?"

"On the other hand," said the Commissioner, "it helps us to run along those paths at faster speed, and takes us into new ones which, without the aid of the wheel, it would be impossible for us to touch. The wheel is an immense saving of time. Why, I get to my office in no more than fifteen minutes. Instead of an uncertain 45 minutes. Then, as regards new fields, you will readily understand that there are many places which it is not possible for us to reach by foot or by rail at precisely the time you wish, while the wheel is

A Steed that is Always in the Stable

which you can mount in a moment and ride direct from your own door. In the Old Country we have many District Officers who do their entire travelling on wheels, and a large number of Circle Corps are also worked by the aid of this means of locomotion. Wheeling is by no means confined to those of Officer rank—there are many who have their knee-drills have been doubled by its use."

"But do you approve of Sunday 'cyclists'?" Anti-Cycle's hair nearly stood on end.

"Of course I do if you're on your Master's business. What is the difference between walking on your two feet to one meeting and propelling yourself on two wheels to two meetings?"

The interviewer was speechless, as the Commissioner continued, "The careful to ride in the fullest of uniform with

Your Bible Tied to Your Handle Bars.

and your presence as a 'cyclist on such a day will bless rather than hurt."

"You couldn't give me chapter and verse as instances of blessing during bicycling?" queried Anti-Cycle, rather audaciously.

"Oh, yes," responded the Commissioner, "I could, several, out of my own experience—of prayers prayed in cottages where I have stopped for a drink of water, of personal words spoken by the roadside when getting a rest by the way. Then the influence that we gain over the 'cycling community is very valuable, when you consider how very large the latter is—in Toronto alone, I understand that there is a wheel for every sixth person in the population. Our music has many times reached the ear and heart of the musicians, and there is a great future before our position of usefulness as groups with the great and widely-differing devotees of the wheel."

"Is there no danger of your people doing too much, and thus using the wheel themselves for selfish purposes?"

"There is no advantage but what can be made, a disadvantage," responded the Commissioner. "If you cease to use it exclusively in running the errands of God, there is certainly a danger of seeking yourself. Because he goes to bed in a night, or a yacht—if he has one, he is liable to stay there? Then the regulation that prevents an Officer from using a horse and rig or a musical instrument for his own pleasure, for any other purpose than the Kingdom of God very much strengthens all wheeled Commanders in the consistency of their concentration of their 'cycle' to the claims of Heaven."

"Not at all," was the response, "to be 'at the wheel' is very expensive," suggested the interviewer.

"Not at all," was the response, "to be the Salvation Army, for our people

All Buy Their Own Wheels.

They save up out of their small salaries

at such high pressure of mental work—that the 'cycle supplies such necessary relief to the mind and body is a position and proved fact."

The health string snapped. The Anti-Cycle asked meekly if there were many who rode the wheel in the Army.

"Thousands of Salvationist Cyclists

are riding to the glory of God in our ranks," returned the Commissioner, "with every revolution of the wheel roll faster on the chariot of war. It is quite true that the Apostles had to do their Salvation Campaigning without it, but that is no fact to deter us from its use. Prejudice sometimes tells us that—You never saw Christ on a wheel! Neither did you ever hear of Him speaking through a telephone! The opportunities of to-day are wide and God-given, and we should be blind if we refuse to secure them, and seize the greater facilities they give our holy fight. Our principles upon which every new departure is forever grounded remain unchanged, and the consuming passion of the Cross which impelled Philip to ride in the Eunuch's chariot, now prompts us to ride a wheel to still its claims the cause of righteousness among men. It is with this

External Purpose in View."

continued the Commissioner—for Anti-Cycle had no heart to interrupt—"that I have organized a brigade of 'cyclists' to travel in the interests of Salvation. These tours I am leading myself. All belonging to the brigade are musicians, with that we can have our string and brass bands in our cities, and in any place where we may alight on the road for rest or refreshment, we always have a little group, and as we throw the miles behind, we also throw words of blessing and songs of joy. The tremendous saving in travelling expenses the Corps that we visit—for we leave them with increased instead of diminished collections—coupled to the inspiration that such a band of Headquarters specialists is making the brigade one of the most popular of recent developments on the Field. We wear, of course, a regulation uniform, with an alteration in the color to brown, for the dust of the roads makes blue most extravagant for wheeling."

"The 'cycle has been proved to be of the utmost value to the soldiers of the steel and powder, and as the warriors of another military, is there any reason why it should not be made a power for extended and extending service in our ranks. Is it brave or far-sighted of the people of God to lay aside an institution of such vast qualifications simply for the sake of a few? When the devil has been quick enough to get hold of it first?"

There was no reply. Anti-Cycle was fast disappearing with useful vanishing, and I was left to wonder whether the queer feeling that had taken possession of him was a disgust at his defeated prejudice or a desire to join the Salvation Army 'Cycle Brigade!!!

YACHT FLAPPINGS

FROM THE "SALVATIONIST."

Arrived at Flat Islands about 7.30 p.m. The people of this place were very glad to see us, and gave us a good welcome. It was here we were welcomed, and were detained longer than we expected. Altogether, eleven souls professed to find Salvation. Wednesday morning Brother Moulton and I, with a fresh breeze we steered for the next port—Sound Island. In the bottom of Sound Island, these people were exceeding in their kindness. Lieutenant Hopkin, the colporteur, is one of the proper stamp. He always calls on the village as he goes along, and you should see the cook (Cadet Critch) when he gets on shore, after contenting himself in the galley for so long a

time. He is a good sample of Salvationism. Three miles from where we are anchored, there are some hundred men working building a pulp factory, which is a great victory around here, and because, it gives employment to quite a lot of people. May God give us a chance to speak to them about their souls. One man told us that the yacht was the fastest that he had ever seen, but we value it for the Flat that flies at its masthead.

E. P. Thompson, Captain.

Postponement of the Commander's Case.

ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS settled, the keenest agitation over the New York law case seems to be passed. The sentence against the Commander has not been removed, but the whole case has been postponed for an indefinite season. It will be most interesting to see the progress of the case, and social liberty, so dear to the heart of every American citizen, if that case is postponed for ever. There were many who thought that the case, under some circumstances, would be the trial which were by no means in accordance with the spirit of Justice, and also freedom, that one would have expected would have been shown the Commander. Although it is the usual custom to allow the one convicted to say something in his defence, the Commander was not permitted to say one word of the splendid speech which he had prepared. The defence has, however been heard, and we give below some extracts of the Commander's well-chosen and forcible words:

"One meaning and only one is attached to the word 'Murder.' 'Disorderly conduct' is a term applied to our House, by the general public, as much as one meaning and only one is attached to the word 'Murder.' And this is the meaning which is applied to our National Headquarters! What is to the Mohammedans, what Jerusalem is to the Jew, what Rome is to the Catholic, what the East is to the American, that our National Headquarters is to every Salvationist in the United States.

Here are centers the operations by means of which 50,000 persons are yearly being reclaimed. From this point are directed the 750 posts, under the management of our 2,800 officers, assisted by their 25,000 mostly untrained but unpaid workers, with their weekly congregations of at least one million worshippers. Here are the headquarters of our weekly papers with a circulation of about 100,000. From this spot are directed the 750 institutions for the destitute, with their 500,000 inmates, more than 2,000 who are daily fed and sheltered—follow-citizens with ourselves to the great Republic, though now in a state of direct need. The work of this building, now branded with infamy, that were flung open last winter to receive the 500,000 mightily of the starving and homeless people.

"It is upon this, to us sacred spot, followed by the tears of thousands of penitents, and by the daily toll of 150 Salvationists, that the verdict of the Jury has flung a stigma which, I venture to say, has had no parallel since the Moslem of Omar razed the ruins of the Temple of Jerusalem!"

"On the question of what is 'reasonable frequency,' we stand only upon the same Right as prescribing the same laws to our fellow-citizens. We ask no more: we have a right to expect no less, for we have the right to permit to the adherents of all night days that we have society must in justice allow to those who desire All Nights of Prayer. If at present, in the interest of the Goddess Terpsichore, I am in precedence over the Goddess Sleep, it is too much to ask that a similar forbearance be shown to the Goddess of Sleep. Should they occasionally desire to spend a night in prayer? I think not."

That the President of the United States has no special opinion of the work of the organization upon which the glare of public daylight has recently fallen, is shown by the following letter:

"It is a pleasure for me to commend the work of this organization. My observation is that the Salvation Army has earned and enjoys the respect of all good people, without reference to creed. The work of the organization is one peculiar to itself, and everybody interested in the elevation of the fallen humanity, must be interested in the Salvation Army. Believe me with great respect,

"Yours sincerely,
"WM. MC KINLEY."

John's preaching sounded the death-knell of all formalist religion.

Moments are like the golden sand of time. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

COMPLETE STORY.

Margaret's Folly.

BY JEANIE ETHERINGTON.

"TELL you, Miriam, once for all, that whatever happens, I shall never become a Salvationist! I hate the thought of it, so dismiss the matter from your mind."

"I almost wish I could in one sense," replied her sister, while tears filled her eyes; "but you know, dear, better than I, that there was a time when you loved to think that God called you to be one."

"Oh!" said Margaret, spitefully, "I am not so sure on that point now, but rather afraid that young converts, in the heat of their first love, imagine every call to be Divine."

"Then you admit having lost your first love?"

"I must admit that I am losing everything that pertains to goodness because of my unwillingness to follow God."

"Oh, Margaret! It breaks my heart to hear you speak so coolly of this matter, and to know that you are giving your back upon Him whom you once loved!"

"Well, it's no good; I've tried to do what's right, and have been fighting a pitched battle with myself longer than you know of, but who could stand with everything against them?"

"Jesus could, and He," answered earnestly, "can His followers if they are filled with His love and the desire to save precious souls."

"Miriam," said Margaret, her tall, slim figure rising from the low chair in which she had been seated, while she waved her hand with an impatient gesture, "I beg that you will mention this matter to me no more; as you have already surmised, I have counted the cost and am unwilling to pay the price."

"There!" with a stamp of the foot, "now you have it."

"But, Margaret dear—"

"Oh, don't," Margaret dear me! I declare I'm getting out of patience, even with you. Was it not simply abominable the way you and I were treated by our friends when we first began attending Army meetings, and although we had no thought then of becoming part and parcel of them, we were regarded as rebels?"

"Besides, think what you have endured since becoming a Salvationist and donning that horrible bauble. Oh, I couldn't stand it! I should try at them!"

"Oh, my darling, how you have changed! You do remember once saying to me how you admired people who were out-and-out for God, and that in spite of daily opposition?"

"Yes, I remember; but it's one thing to admire those who do it and quite another to practise it yourself. Who could help calling you a plucky little soul, and thinking heaps of you?"

"The rebellious girl, walking across the carpeted floor to the chair where Miriam sat trying to do some needlework, lifted the least-stained face and looked at it with kisses. "Yes," she said, still looking at her, "you will swim but I shall sink—I'm such a big coward on my own; I can't stand your little lectures."

"Before you go, let us have a little prayer together; you must not wilfully grieve God."

But Margaret was waiting out of the room, and as her sister finished speaking her fingers trembled, and she closed her eyes, which closed after her with a bang.

"Will Miriam never come?" groaned Mrs. Bernard, as she impatiently peered the beautifully furnished bedroom and looked anxiously through the curtained window.

"Madam, I am afraid that unless your daughter arrives within half-an-hour, she will be late to see the minister," said the waiting nurse who stood watching the fever-tossed patient. The latter, with blazing, yet blind eyes, waved her hand impatiently, and her parched lips kept murmuring the name of Miriam, coupled with the words: "Too late! too late! my folly."

"Here she is at last!" exclaimed the mother, moving rapidly towards the door. "Oh! how can I tell her this! my love-loved and only daughter will soon be no more!" but while the broken-hearted woman tried to frame words that would soothe the fearful child, Captain Miriam, in full uniform, bounding up the steps two at a time, and was soon at her mother's side.

"Mother—Mother—what is it? Your telegram said: 'Come at once; Margaret very ill.'"

"Miriam darling," said the mother, fondly kissing her, "I can only tell you that last night, for the first time since meeting with the Army, Margaret went to the theatre; she was over-persuaded, I know, but yielded, and when com-

ing home the horses took fright; she is seriously hurt, and the doctor does not think she can live. Calm yourself, dearest, and come at once; she is constantly calling for you, and then imagines you are with her, while she chides herself terribly about something I cannot comprehend."

"Miriam," whispered Margaret a fortnight later, when the fever had abated, and there were signs of returning strength, "God has laid me low for a purpose. He saw that there was no other way of conquering my pride and stubborn will. As you know, I simply would not walk in the path He marked out for me, and all because I could not—or pretended to think I could not—bear to have the finger of scorn pointed at me, or to be thought singular or eccentric. Oh! I am ashamed of it all now; yet it seemed so much easier to live as I had done before we met the dear old Army—to be popular, and looked up to as a beautiful girl—but, dearest, I envy you now; your work will last. Oh! that I had been obedient, like you, and gone straight on, earling for nought but God and souls; it would have led me to the Training Home. I know, and what an honour to win souls for Jesus—but I chose my own path, and now must suffer."

"Margaret, dear, you have suffered enough," replied her sister; "and having learned your lesson from Jesus, must let it be to you a lifelong one. I am sure your sorrow is that of a sin-



When Coming Home the Horses Took Fright.

cere soul. I gathered it all from your lips days ago, when you were quite unwell; and now these you were full of reproaches for yourself. God still lives to pardon, dear. You must make haste and get strong, and join me in the fight."

"Oh! how I wish I could—that is, if He thought me worthy. I would do anything to gain His smile, and long to please Him, and only to please Him in the past. But tell me, did not mother inform you that the doctor says I shall never be strong again? So the joy of being an Army Officer will never be mine."

"But doctors are not always correct; at any rate they were not in this case. For just a year later Margaret Bernard had good-bye to home and friends and started off for the Training Home. She is now of the devoted and devoted warriors, tried and proved, spending her time and talents in 'publishing the sinner's Friend,' and never happier than when preaching and practising 'holiness unto the Lord.'"

"We are drawn nearer to Him that He may send us to those furthest off."

"Disease is the beginning of health when it leads the sufferer to the Father's house."

"When we become mechanical we cease to grow. Mechanism never develops. Men can improve it, but it is utterly incapable of developing itself."

Famine Facts.

HARROWING STORIES FROM INDIA.

THE FOLLOWING details of the Eastern calamity are culled from the experiences of the Pandita Rambhai, a native lady who has done much to alleviate suffering and appease want:

"Parents can be seen taking their girl children around the country and selling them for a few rupees or a few annas or even for a few seeds of grain. The food given to the children is snatched from their hands, and eaten by their stronger neighbors. In some places, the Government officials give two pie or more to each child or other sick person, unable to work, but what can a baby of two or three years of age do with two copper pieces in hand? The pie are soon stolen and the little one left to die of starvation."

"The Government officials are kind and are doing what they can to help the poor people at the relief camps and in the poor houses. But the means for their disposal make it impossible to meet the demands of all the needy ones. What are a few thousand rupees among so many thousands, to be supported for months? Perhaps about eight or ten annas are allowed for each person; and how much and what kind of grain will that sum bring?"

"Few of the subordinate officers, such as the Mukdams, and cooks who have it in their power to give or withhold from the poor the food sent for them, have any heart or conscience. The grain, the very cheapest kind, is bought and ground into flour without bring-

ages of the scourge, and their girls are left defenceless and starving with temptations innumerable. The Pandita gives some startling instances of the iniquitous means adopted to entice away the friendless under the pretence of providing for their needs. Recalling the famine experiences through which she herself passed through twenty-two years ago, she says:

"I bless and thank God for not having allowed us to go to the red ramparts in the days of our need. My sister, a fine young woman of twenty-five, and myself, a girl of sixteen, would have saved our lives by cruel hands of the wicked people of such places. The very remembrance of the relief camps and poor houses and the condition of our sisters there makes me shiver and tremble with fear for several thousands of young women and girls, who are being sacrificed to the devil in these hard times."

"Amongst those tempted and tried of our black sisters, there are some noble-hearted women who resist the devil in the face of starvation and death. There is a case of a girl who, after a long and false pretence, and afterwards told that unless she stooped to sin she could not save her sister, she bravely put her old rags, threw away her sari, and went out on the streets again to beg her food. She was picked up on the next day by a high caste man, who was with the Pandita Rambhai now. But alas, it is not always possible for the entrapped to make their escape, however anxious they may be to do so. The Pandita exclaims:—"

"Ever since I have seen these girls in the famine districts—some fallen into the hands of wicked people; some run away from their parents; some sold in a case of a girl who, after a long and false pretence, and afterwards told that unless she stooped to sin she could not save her sister, she bravely put her old rags, threw away her sari, and went out on the streets again to beg her food. She was picked up on the next day by a high caste man, who was with the Pandita Rambhai now. But alas, it is not always possible for the entrapped to make their escape, however anxious they may be to do so. The Pandita exclaims:—"

"This is a terrible state of things, and coupled to the disease and degradation already enthralling millions, makes the situation grow even more appalling."

THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

AN AUSTRALIAN Officer writes: "When I first became connected with it, it was at the Salvation Army pentecost. I went home very tremblingly, for I knew what it would mean when I told my father. But I shouldered my cross from the first, and declared at once what I had done. You will know something of the way I felt when you read my letter to a meeting without fail."

A Curse from My Father Following Me.

Then when God called me to come into the Army work, and I dared not obey, I felt my heart was well-nigh broken, followed by my father's anger. The first time I came home from the Field my life was full of love for God and souls, and especially my father's. The first night I said, 'Father, will you have a word of prayer?' and, before he could stay me, I dropped on my knees and poured out my soul to God. But as I rose from my knees, I was glad to rush to my room, to bury my head in my pillow, and sooth out my grief in tears. Oh, how my heart was darkened! But those were the days when

I Learnt to Trust only in God.

I indeed I had found in Jesus.

"That is about six years ago. Now, after many tears and prayers, I am resolute. During my time with Father's Army, he has told me how he watched my life and my career. Oh, to think that his son and also my brother's, was handed on to me! I had found in Jesus! I paid a fresh visit home I felt happier and more contented."

In Spite of All Stumbling Blocks.

placed in my path. But my father—oh, as he watched me he felt sure I had something in my soul he had not, and he began to long for it to come to him. I had found in Jesus! He claims it as his own! Is not he grand? To God be all the glory! Oh, I am so thankful I proved that my brother's love to latch on to the way of Salvation, and I was enabled to point it out to him, and he claimed it. "Deliverer."

The Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I am a child of God, and that makes me certain."

It was the divine in Christ that made Him the Messiah, and the Christ in me that makes me a Christian."

EXTRACTS

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER rises at 5 and 6 a.m. during her wheeling tour that the Brigade made to the greater distances before the sun nears its meridian.

Mrs. Major Gaskin going away with this Brigade expedition, the General Secretary has had a taste at keeping house for a few days. Despite the companionship of four little dumb animals he decides distinctly in favour of married life.

Jack Tar and Robin Red-Breast, of the East, are champions of cleverness. Their identity is cleverly concealed.

Captain Cummings, of the Social, collided with a member of the Editorial Staff the other day. "A report for the enquiry of a lost relative has just been handed in," exclaimed the Editorial personage. "Another one found," answered the Captain jubilantly, "after having been missing for YEARS!"

Owing to the awkward behaviour of a refractory latch-key, the Sub-Editor celebrated Daddies' Day, sealing a window—with great success.

Adjutant Bradley, of Ligar Street Corps, is a man of methods suited to the hour—and atmosphere. Sunday's temperature being so extremely high, he took his Corps out on to the grass-plot outside the Barrack on Sunday evening and held a rousing Salvation meeting there.

The new regulation uniform of the "Cycling Brigade" is reported as "exceeding expectations" and "advised once and freedom on the road, and winning golden opinions from all.

Captain Fred H. Moss was three years and a-half an accepted candidate before he entered the Field. He says the "wait" put a rock-bottom experience in his soul, and advised other cycling candidates to have patience till God sees fit to open their way to the front.

The following is from the Barrie Gazette, a paper which always has a friendly word to say for the Salvation Army, the Editor of which shows his practical appreciation of it by printing bills, etc., for the local Corps in his printing office free of charge as a donation.

Adjutant Hughes, of the Salvation Army, has been transferred from this Division, after a brief stay of six months, from his appointment as officer of the Barrie Division, and his services were esteemed very highly, not only by those immediately connected with the Salvation Army, but by those who knew him, as many were the expressions of regret with which this intimation was received."

Dr. Dumble, whose article on Brother Lowwater we give this week, got a blessing of a clean hair through Mrs. General Booth.

Design Fletcher's health is distinctly improving, though he is not by any means strong yet. He has been much cheered by the many letters of sympathy and enquiry which have reached him from comrades during his sickness.

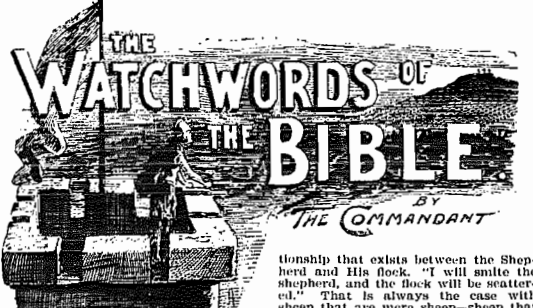
There is a farmer near Newmarket who has been so well and faithfully served by Salvationists whom he has employed in the past has been in uniform always gets the preference when seeking employment.

Major Friedrich was present at the "Wedding" in the Pavilion.

In a letter of congratulation to the Editor, Major Baugh, a veteran of the Canadian field, writes thus from the old Country "I am now in South Wales with Brigadier Lindsay on a tour (spiritual). Just spent five blessed weeks in Darmsay, Rotherham, Middleborough and Darlington. Many souls saved. Glad to hear the Field Commissioner is better. SUE IS A BRICK. Bless her! With Salvation love to all. I am yours as ever, William Faugh."

A school-teacher, a butcher and two builders are amongst the converts during the last seven months at Newmarket.

A former Sergeant-Major of Lindsay



"They Sang a Hymn."

NEVER in the world's history was there singing under such circumstances. It must have been some of wonderful pathos, sung by strong men whose voices trembled with emotion, and whose souls were swelling with strange forebodings of a coming agony. Multitudes were standing together, those in the midst, as they pour forth the thoughts of their souls' deep feeling on a flood-tide of melody. Here were all the conditions necessary to blessing in the singing of hymns. These men sang, in the first place, with the realization that Jesus was with them. This they understood the better because the approach of a common foe made them one. They sang with a true earnestness because their spirits were already baptized with a great grief. It must have been a soul-stirring song; and just as, since that day, many another little band of persecuted saints, meeting in caves of the earth, have gained, by the hurried singing together of a single hymn of praise and exultation, in which they have walked through many dark days, so, in the inspiration of that parting chant, would that group of weeping disciples, with Jesus at their head, go out to the Mount of Olives, to face the ghastliest spectacle of all time.

And how do we sing our hymns? What a mere jumble of rhyme and notes they often are! What a poor combination of melody and words, and semiquavers! And yet there is nothing more powerful under God's heaven than a hymn sung by only a dozen earnest, earnest spirits. Singing should be the one common voice of many praying; the verbal expression of many believing; the audible evidence of many united souls. When we sing we are given the occasion for praying together the same word at the same instant—with the same faith, with the same feeling, and with equal determination. Such a song, rising to the Throne of God, will bring back His blessing as no other ever do.

When they had sung "they went out." It is probable that the song has in all ages helped Christ's warriors to go out to battle and death very much more than the spoken word. God's people of old sang themselves into the fight. God's martyrs have sung themselves into the martyr's path. God's prisoners have turned their dungeons into orchestras. In the night of adversity it is the song that helps; in moments of temptation it is the song that best fits the occasion. When we pass through our struggles, and temptations, and afflictions, the melody of our hymns lights up the path, and in the hour and article of death it is the music of singing that seems to bring the echoes of our triumphs and our victories. If we could sing as those trembling disciples sang to their departing Lord—as the apostles and martyrs sang in unison—what a different—what a blessing—could we not gain!

"Offended because of Me"

"Because of Me?" What, then, would Christ do to cause such offence to those who, whose steadfastness He had so deeply yearned? Could it be that He should offend them—that He, whose mission on earth it had been to save the souls of men, should, in the end, be their stumbling-block? Was He not born into the world for their sakes? and was He not to die for their redemption? Was it death on their behalf? "Offended because of Me?" What could it mean? In these words we have a solemn reminder of the powerful relationship

that exists between the Shepherd and His flock, and the flock will be scattered." That is always the case with sheep that are mere sheep—sheep that follow their shepherd mechanically, as the mere founders of an order, the top-piece of a creed, the figure-head of a church. The confidence of such sheep is easily shaken. It is not difficult to turn them aside; they are quickly scattered by the first adverse circumstances. While the shepherd and his flock afford in some respects a beautiful semblance of the relationship between Christ and His followers, there are also points where the semblance does not hold good.

It is not as mere sheep we are to follow, impelled by a brute instinct of self-preservation, but as men, with powers of thought and judgment, with convictions of right and wrong, who follow the Shepherd because they see in the wake of His steps, not mere safety and aggrandizement, or reward, but because He is the embodiment of love and high and true ideal. His disciples better understood Christ when He told them He was from the Eternal Father; had they grasped His meaning better when He says, "I am the light of the world," than when He says, "I am the promised Messiah, whose kingdom they proudly anticipated should be set in splendour. They knew Him as the Son of that God of the mount, whose name was to be breathed with solemn reverence due to overwhelming majesty. They followed His goodness rather than His goodness. Hence when everything the word regards as great was eclipsed by the unalterable ignominy of the cross, these glory-seeking men forsook the Saviour and fled. It was in reality, therefore, their pride that was offended by the Saviour's meekness before His murderers. It was their sense of dignity that suffered so rudely by His absolute surrender to the scourge of sinners' cruelty. It was their reliance on His miracle-working power that was smitten by His refusing to work even a single wonder in His own behalf. It was their anticipation of coming splendour, which received its staggering blow by the Saviour's baptism of blood. They gave Him up because "He was so soft."

But you will observe that they abandoned Him for the very reason they should most absolutely have clung to Him. In after years these men's pleadings allied themselves with an unshakable faith to the Saviour for pre-eminence. They were not content with deserting Him. It was because He was the Shepherd "smitten"—the Shepherd "laying down His life for His sheep"—that they were so ready to follow Him a martyr's death. And, following their example, disciples of Christ in all ages have come to love Him in consequence of the meekness and lowliness of His supreme agony caused all to be offended. Now what sort of service do you render your heavenly Father when you follow Him in anticipation of His rewards, or have you drunk deeply into His Spirit—the spirit that is most honoured in the sacrifice of love and sacrifice? Is it thus, too, that we serve our earthly masters? Are they the symbols to us of self-aggrandizement, and of power and fortune, and are we ready to follow them will quickly fall when we see them smitten. If it is in those we serve to sound the trumpet of our own greatness, and if we are indeed to stand by them when betrayed and scandalized. Let us learn to serve our earthly masters as "servants of servants," not as masters through whom we seek our own ends, but through whom we may contribute our part most effectively to the building up of a Kingdom of righteousness and truth on the earth.

Captain Smith, of Newmarket, has written three reports to the War Cry in seven years! Look out for an improvement.

PROGRESS AND REFORM.

A FEW YEARS ago a lady wrote to Her Majesty on the subject of her spiritual experience, and received in reply the following short but beautiful note:—

"The Queen humbly relies for Salvation upon the merits of her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and she is glad to state she has peace through believing in Him."

Surely such simplicity as well as definiteness of religious experience in a Sovereign is uplifting to the progress in capital letters for the evangelized spirit of the day.

A marvellous scientific discovery has been made by Dr. Wortman, of the American Museum of Natural History, in the finding of the bones of a prehistoric monster,—"the gigantic sloth"—which discovery is upending the previous estimates of geologists by asserting the existence of an isthmus of Panama uncountable years ago.

The 'cycle is rapidly becoming the Invigator of both high and low, receiving as it does the high appreciation of both master and man—or maid as with the case in point. Mr. Cadbury, of Birmingham, Eng., the enormous cocoa and chocolate manufacturer, is moving his work girls and wheels to ride to and from their homes in Birmingham to the suburbs where the factories are. He has commenced by the purchase of one omnibus, which will pay in small weekly instalments.

In the Montreal Police Court the other day, a saloon-keeper was fined seventy-five dollars and costs or three months' imprisonment for selling liquor to a minor.

How much, after all, is man awayed by the opinion of the world in general? But a little while ago the bicycle was denounced by the pulpit and the medical profession as an obstacle to health, and time for women at least, and as extremely deleterious to health. Now it is being preached on all sides as the physical Salvation of more than one race.

A Hong Kong contemporary comments upon the moral influence of the Japanese police in Formosa. It is said that the natives "adore them like God," and that a word from one is sufficient to bring a debtor to a practical recognition of his obligation. The Hong Kong man wishes he might avail himself of their impressiveness to bring delinquent subscribers to the mark.

King George of Greece is reported to be the only man in the little nation not excited over the prospect of a popular uprising against the Crown.

"Prohibition is in Kansas to stay," says Dr. B. W. Wood, who attended a saloon met with the most complete failure. The proprietor and the bartender were in jail in twenty-four hours. Kansas will never again tolerate the saloon," asserts the writer.

In Mexico every journal, day-book, ledger or other record kept by any person or firm must bear a five-cent stamp on every page.

It is reported in the "Wood Worker" that a San Francisco manufacturer had noticed a great difference in the workmen capacity in the new building of working on similar jobs at the vice in two rooms of a large shop, one being in an old building and the other in one of recent construction. In the latter the men would be shifting their body from one foot to the other, throwing one leg upon the floor, at every opportunity showing evident signs of fatigue. The superintendent surmised that this was due to the hardness of the floor which in the new building was made of concrete and perfectly unyielding. After the benches in the new shop had been raised a couple of inches and the floor covered with a layer of springy wood to stand upon, the foot weariness disappeared almost at once and the two sets of men turned out equal work.

WAR CRY

MISS BOOTH

WESTERN WAR PACE.

A CONSECRATED WHEEL.

SPECIAL interest attaches this week to the Field Commissioner's vindication of the Army's right to the vast and varying opportunities of the bicycle. Her clear-spoken arguments will give a satisfactory answer to any who may have been undecided upon the matter. There are hundreds of people who only need to understand that the motive that prompts Salvationists to "cycle" is identical to that which prompts Salvationists singing and speaking for them to fully concur with the great numbers who appreciate our position on the matter. The reason for a thing either justifies or condemns it, and the aim which has mounted soul-savers on bicycles more than guarantees that their practice is lawful and expedient.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL TOUR.

Judging by the reports given in letters from the wheeling contingent now on tour, there is nothing of an ordinary character about their present expedition. Great zeal and determination is being exercised by the Commissioner and her Staff in the prosecution of "runs" through the excessive and exceptional heat which has obtained in the parts visited. The results of such efforts cannot be full of blessing to the Corps visited—the very object of the tour is to overcome such difficulties by an inspiration.

We are told that the Band marched through a sunny and presumably bright atmosphere with great degree in London on Sunday. They deserve all honor.

Four Days' Blessed Campaign at Newmarket.

(Special.)

Four days' Special Campaign in connection with visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Complin and Ensign Fletcher, period of rich spiritual blessing. Power of God prevailed. More soldiers on march, more people present, more finances. A dear band leader returned home. Affecting time. Captain's farewell. More particulars later.

MARVELLOUS CONVERSION

At Farewell of Adj. and Mrs. Burditt From Toronto Temple.

(Special.)

Last Sunday Adjutant and Mrs. Burditt at the Temple time of divine power and glory. Biting wind, but the blessed and very successful stay. Amongst those converted was a "crook" who has spent fifteen years in prison. He says he has never done anything else but steal. Got convicted through Miss Booth's address in the Kingston Penitentiary, and gives every evidence of being truly converted. Adj. and Mrs. Burditt leave Toronto with the love and respect of all, both Soldiers, Headquarters and Provincial Staff.

THE PRESENT CHANCE.

THE OPEN-AIR is the opportunity of the hour. Barracks are hot, crowded, and the open-air seems restful, but the open-air seems with people and possibilities. The General has set the pace. The other Commanders have followed. The open-air meeting from the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, London, speaking therefrom to a crowd of two thousand people.

A WARRIOR'S SWORD LAID DOWN.

IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET that we have to announce the death of Ensign Whicman, a tried and trusty warrior of this Territory. His health has been failing for some time now, and it was with the hope that change of air might give strength that he was transferred to the States. He was promoted to Glory from Sergeant. All Commanders will especially pray for dear Mrs. Whicman and her two little fatherless children. The funeral is to be conducted at Harle on July 24 by Brigadier Reed. Photo and sketch of our promoted Comrade, whose years of devoted service in the light armor of his memory to hundreds, will appear in our next issue.

Headquarters 'Cycling Battalion
In Central and West Ontario.

Wheeling Going Magnificently—Meetings Huge
Success—Crowds Ineffectably Impressed
for God and Eternity.

[P CIAL]

THE Soul-Saving Campaign of Headquarters 'Cycling Battalion in Central and West Ontario, under the personal leadership of Miss Booth, is a glorious success, fully answering the expectations formed concerning it. The Field Commissioner has been mightily helped of God in the proclamation of the truth and its application to the consciences of the people, and it is safe to say an everlasting mark for God and the Army has been made. The wheeling has gone magnificently, excellent time being made, although there is necessarily a great deal of suffering from the excessive heat, which is only partially avoided by starting between five and six a.m. The expectations of Miss Booth and the Battalion run high. Fuller particulars later.

World Wide
NEWS

TWO STEAM YACHTS have been placed at our disposal by a gentleman of Tokyo for our work amongst Japanese sailors.

A GENTLEMAN in Mount Gambier, Australia, denied himself of an intended trip and thereby has thus saved over to our Indian Famine Fund.

AT THE REQUEST of the Christian Endeavor Society, we have opened a Salvation Army restaurant near the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, to supply those attending a convention there.

THE TRANSVAAL FARM has now 35 inmates. Its cow-shed, holding 20 cows, is reported as being a particularly fine one. Dairy work is expected to soon be in full swing.

IT IS ESTIMATED that it will speedily be possible to handle a 2,000 edition of the San Francisco Chinese War Cry.

A SUITABLE SITE has now been secured for the Prison Gate Home at Tokyo. The Officer in charge of the Home is himself a converted ex-prisoner, having been thirty-one times in jail.

THE NATIONALITIES of those who have passed through our Adelaide Shelter are as follows: 286 English, 72 Irish, 54 Scotch, 91 Australians (40 of these being South Australian natives) 2 Canadians, and is belonging to other British possessions. Among these 79 different trades and occupations have been represented.

PREMISES have been secured for a Salvation Army Sailors' Home in Yokohama.

TE FOLLOWING, by Staff-Captain Pigeot, gives an insight into Danish Salvationists.

"No sooner had we landed at the open-air stand than the rain began to pour down in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. It was a storm such as is not often seen; still, the Soldiers—both men and women—stood out and above this thunder was heard the strains of the brass band."

"We were seized, at the close of the open-air meeting, by the Chief Inspector of Police, who took us to the Town Hall—to tea with him! It is not allowed in many Danish towns to march the streets, but here we have a friendly burgomaster, and consequently an amount of liberty which greatly adds to the interest and success of our work."

THE SOCIAL FAIR at Gujarat has some five thousand acres of land. There are one hundred and fifty men, women and children employed here, most of whom are now Salvationists.

A SHELTER for the coolies of British Guiana is one of the latest developments and will soon be opened.

The totals of the Australian Social work, as given in "Home," the annual report for 1906 are splendid. Here is a sample: 3,664 admissions; 555,305 meals, 189,977 beds supplied.

Pastor Minault, one of the two French Protestant missionaries who have just been murdered in Madagascar, was married to the daughter of Major Peyron, Senior.

"I Will Go So Far"—

But God Said,

"No Further."

The following true and solemn incident has been forwarded to us from Little Glace Bay. The writer says:

I could not refrain from writing the sad story because I thought it might be a warning to others. The young man to whom it refers was in the habit of coming to our meetings regularly, and even on Sunday morn'g just came out to knee-drill with his chum. We warned them to flee from the wrath to come, and refused them faithfully, but he went away, refusing to decide.

Taking from his pocket some change, he said, "I will go as far as that count, but I will not go any farther." But before he had time to meet his soul was required of him, and all unprepared, when taking a bath under the influence of drink, he sank to rise no more, and was buried the next day. We pray that the unconvinced may take warning by the suddenness of his call and get prepared for their own time of departure."

[WIRED.]

Vancouver.

Brigadier Howell, Staff-Capt. Watson enthusiastically received. Appointment heartily endorsed. Finances doubled. Sixteen forward. Unbounded interest. Shelter successfully opened by Mayor Templeton. City ministers unitedly interested. Commissioners proposed visit hailed with delight. Officers in Council send greetings, pledge loyalty. ADJT. PHILLIPS.

HAPPENINGS
OF THE HOUR.

The Jubilee review at Aldershot was taken part in by 25,000 men.

A dying cabinman bequeathed \$250 to a gentleman who had frequently patronized his cab.

A musical bicycle has just been invented. The motion of the vehicle grinds out the music.

The proposed duty on lumber has been reduced by the United States Senate from \$2 to \$1 per thousand feet.

It is reported that the Turkish troops still quartered in Thessaly are reaping the crops, while the Thessalian peasants are starving.

A Japanese warship is now anchored at Honolulu threatening war with Hawaii if Japs are not allowed to land and work on the islands.

It is thought that the big ocean steamers will soon be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable.

Owing to the recent floods in Roumania, 20,000 inhabitants of Gataliz-Moldavia, have been rendered homeless. Many of them are also destitute.

Mr. W. G. Murdoch, a well-known Toronto barrister, met a tragedy through accidental death the other day when having a playful fencing bout with umbrellas.

In Belgium a railway carriage has been fitted up as a hospital. It contains twenty-four beds upon wire springs, with surgical and medical appliances.

A strange phenomenon occurred at Barcelona on July 2nd,—the sea rising and falling a yard every ten minutes for several hours. The moorings of the British warship Surprise were carried away.

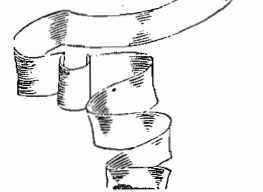
An investigation has recently been made into the causes which produce most people's fear of snakes. It is confessed, thunder and lightning awed by far the largest number.

Minutemen have been creating serious disturbances in France. In addition to the main mob, scattered gangs of rioters paraded the streets hooding and stoning Europeans. The troops have been called out to disperse the disturbers.

Two extraordinary cases of powerful emotion are reported from France. A Parisian banker of immense wealth learnt that he had lost all but 100 francs, and died of grief. A pauper relative was told that he had inherited the same and died of joy.

In the erection of the Blackwall Tunnel, London, England, opened by the Prince of Wales, and which took five years to complete, eight hundred men have been employed. Five thousand tons of earth have been excavated, and nearly a hundred thousand tons of bricks, tiles, cement, concrete and cast iron used.

At one of our Corps, the husband of a Methodist lady got saved. She considered it her duty to join the Army with her husband, and applied for credentials from the Methodist minister to the Army Captain. The Minister gave the required letter and also delivered the following exhortation: "If you are going to join the Army, be a Salvationist. Go the whole length, wear the uniform, and let it be seen to whom you belong. Many of the Army people in this town wear no little uniform that it is impossible to tell whether the Army is getting along well or not."



It was hard to realize that barely twelve months had passed since Adjutant Pease commenced her warfare in this Territory, or that even less than this time had elapsed since Adjutant Stanyon first set foot upon Canadian soil. For the spontaneous and enthusiastic greeting which saluted them on June 24th could not have been heartier had they fought side by side with the warriors of this Territory for ten years. But trust counts ever over time, and that both Adjutants have the loving confidence of Comrades far and near is no uncertain fact.

Their wedding was one of the most remarkable and successful that the Army ever held. There were various circumstances which helped to make it such.

A Unique Occasion.

The Field Commissioner's presence as officiating clergyman was in itself a guarantee of something fresh and beautiful in the rendering of the service which composes the Marriage rite of the Army. The Pavilion as the selected spot promised a scene well in keeping with a season so important. The huge hills—bigger than which, perhaps, even the oldest Army veteran of the Queen City would fail to recollect—had spread the news of the event north, south, east and west. It was the topic of the time, and there were high expectations entertained as to the throng which would flow through the Pavilion doors on that Monday, to witness the exact moment when Adjutant Carrie Pease became Mrs. Adjutant Stanyon.

But highest hopes were surpassed.

Overwhelming Crowds

thronged the Pavilion—floor, first and second galleries. It was literally packed to the roof, for almost the banded gallery, through the many glass windows for which the Pavilion is noted, peeped the eager heads of those who had not been fortunate enough to secure a good point of vantage for sight and sound elsewhere. Never has a vast audience looked to better advantage than the crowd that night—surrounded with graceful flag decorations and swaying gently with the varying feelings which the proceedings on the platform prompted.

But pretty as the Pavilion was, in other parts, it was upon the high stage platform that all interest centered that night, where a ceremony took place.

Simple as it was Beautiful,

In the Mien of One who is the Honored Guest at every Army celebration equality of joy or sorrow. Indescribable enthusiasm took possession of the throng in general and

the platform in particular as the bridal procession commenced to file to the front from the "wings." The well-loved face of the Field Commissioner came first—she was wearing over her crimson tulle the military white cords which long marked her upon very special occasions—of which this was one. Then came the bridesmaid and his best man—a strikingly happy expression characterized the face of the former. But interest was naturally chiefly concentrated upon the slender little white-sashed figure of the bride. Very sweet she looked, and if those who knew her best noticed a slight flush of nervousness on her cheek, it was rather an addition than detracted. The little

Traile of White-Robed Children

that followed her were a dainty throng. Like little size-steps they walked, the tiny tots who brought up the rear being the well-known Willie and Pearl, holding each a graceful bunch of white flowers. Ethel and Lily Hargrove, Bella Jacobs, Eva Gaskin, and the Field Commissioner's four adopted children made up the group. The three bridesmaids brought up the rear.

When all were in their places, the high stage lights fell upon a pretty sight—the bridal party, with the Commissioner in the centre, and the background of Headquarters' band and Staff making also a festive appearance, for all wore white shoulder badges. The preliminaries were brief and bright. The prayers of Mrs. Major Jester and Staff-Captain Minnie brought a Heavenly influence upon the meeting, and none rose from their knees without feeling that this was an occasion which, in keeping with all other Army ceremonies, was the extension of the glory of God.

Despite the tremendous and natural anxiety of the audience to witness the meeting, and none rose from their knees without feeling that this was an occasion which, in keeping with all other Army ceremonies, was the extension of the glory of God.

Brigadier Campbell's reputation as an anecdote-teller was well-kept. He told one that night which convulsed everybody, but at the same time added some heartful words of a moral character.

Having known the bridegroom for some years, Major Gaskin was well qualified to speak. He paid a splendid tribute to the character of the previous service of Adjutant Stanyon in the old country, telling how, during one of his commands, the whole feeling of the neighbourhood was completely changed in its attitude towards the Army.

Adjutant Pease also spoke, chiefly from the point of personal friendship with the bride, telling of the inspiration and blessing of Adjutant Pease's life and work.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargraves sang a song which had been composed by a comrade of the bride's, specially for the occasion.

The Field Commissioner's words, spoken before she called upon the two Adjutants to stand to their feet, were chiefly devoted to the long years of service which lay behind the bride, who had long been closely associated with the Commissioner in bonds which, she took not only of her official, "but," the Commissioner said, "of a sister's relationship." She told of the service which the Adjutant had rendered to not only herself, but other members of her family, as to Consul Booth-Tucker and Commissioner Lucy Booth-Holberg, but dealing more especially upon the personal cheer and help which the presence of

Her Little Armor Bearer

had been to herself in many a time of perplexity and sorrow. The Commissioner's words were not only strong, but tender in the extreme, and to each thought of appreciation the many present who valued her of whom they spoke, said silent and audible Amens! Then came the wedding itself, the Commissioner reading much of the service with her hand resting lovingly upon the bride's shoulder. An amusing anecdote, the wedding came out when the word "obey" came, adding to the bridegroom in an audible undertone, "Mind you don't ever tell her anything that she doesn't want to hear. The 'I wills' were the final words spoken, and Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon sat down to the Commissioner's left amid general congratulations, volleying, etc. It was a pretty sight to see the white-frocked children coming up to kiss the bride, little Pearl seating herself on the bridegroom's knee for the rest of the meeting.

The bride's words made up a speech which was worthy of the occasion and of herself, as hundreds of her Comrades know her. Rather than blinded by a natural decree of nervousness, she rose to the opportunity of the moment and said that which has become a memory to many present, and indeed the most-talked-of recollector of the meeting. "Joy and sorrow are strangely mixed," she said, and told of the many sad and happy moments which help but mingle with the happiness at that moment as she closed one volume of her life and turned the first page of the new. The little insight which she gave into her happy home-life as a member of the Commissioner's little household, delighted everybody, while her glowing words had a touch of inspiration about them as she declared

Her Calling and Her Christ the Same

to-night and forever. She spoke very warmly of the love and comradeship of Headquarters Officers, turning and thanking them for all expressions of their kindness.

Adjutant Stanyon did not say much, but his few, many sentences were very much to the point, expressing his deep thankfulness to God and the Army for all that that night represented of the past and for the future.

Brigadier Campbell's prayer ended one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in Toronto—closed where it had commenced, in prayer and faith for Heaven's blessing upon

The Two Paths of Uselessness Then Merged into One.

The past careers of devotion of both Comrades, as well as the personal consecration of their officers, make it not hard for us to predict for them a future of advanced spiritual prosperity and increased usefulness in the cause which has actuated their previous service. Adjutant Pease—or rather Adjutant Mrs. Stanyon, as we must write her—has already secured a successful officership behind her. Adjutant Stanyon has also some years of faithful service, and it is not ever wider, holier and happier days of warriorship lie before them!

The following are a few of the many words of congratulation and greeting which were received by the Adjutants, and read at the wedding service:

Fordham, N. Y.
My love, faith and confidence are with you. God bless you both, with lives of consecrated, victorious warfare right up to the Golden Gates.
CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Every blessing. Do not step out of your individual share in God's holy war. Wield your own sword!
COMMISSIONER LUCY.

New York.
For sake Auld Lang Syne would much like to be present, but impossible. Still we wish you all joy to-day and every day, and pray God's blessing may follow you every step, helping you together to lead thousands to Jesus.
COLONEL AND MRS. HUGGINS.

Norwich, Eng.
May God's best blessing rest upon our child's future.
MOTHER AND FATHER.

Greet much absence from to-night's meeting through ill-health. Your careers in this country have already demonstrated your truly Christian character and your wholehearted devotion to the principles of our blessed Army. With all my heart I wish you both a future of long and abundant success in service under the noblest of flags.
COLONEL JACOBS.

Montreal.
Wishing you abundant joys and future success.—BRIGADIER AND MRS. MARGRETT, COOMES, JOSS.

Kington, Ont.
Provincial Headquarters send sincerest congratulations and affectionate wishes, praying your union shall result in continued success in your new sphere.—BRIGADIER SHARP.

Toronto.
May Heaven's richest blessing forever be thy lot, and poverty never enter the domain of your cottage. Many souls for your life may your path be. This is the prayer of my heart, your Comrade and friend. God bless you!
MOTHER FLORENCE.

London, Eng.
Accept our most hearty congratulations, tenderest love.
BIGG, DUFF AND MAJOR FORDWARD.

May Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon your union. Your old Comrades on every hand send their affection to both. We are with you in spirit.
MAJOR DRABBLE AND CAPTAIN FOREMAN.

BAYONETTINGS.

Jesus Christ's masterpiece is to save a man from all sin.

It often happens that people who have got the devil to be afraid of have got the most shining pride.

There is no bigger delusion palmed off upon the sons of men than that sin can be of any profit whatever to any man.

The Devil is bad; but if he is as bad as many say, women I have known, he is a bad man. I would rather have that, bad as the Devil is, I could listen him with men and women walking about in his coat.

There are the brewers and the publicans. There's a great deal of good in their business, but not too much, I think. I would like to see how the country would get on for three or four years without them.

The Devil comes to me and says we shall get nothing this afternoon. But I tell him he is an old liar, and has told the check to him any more. The Devil is the most infinite wretch in the universe.

Some of you would have been dead long ago if you hadn't got saved. People don't say that any more. They look, General!" I say, "Yes, it is Salvation that keeps me well—Salvation keeps me live! Why, it is seven and a-half years since I had a day's holiday!"

You are not so simple as to suppose that there is any profit to be got by cutting yourself off from the friendship and command of God.—Australian Cry.



A Full Surrender.

Tune.—"Rockingham."

1 When I draw near to Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,
I feel, dear Lord, that in my heart
I prize the Blood that makes me free.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the
Blood.

When I behold that sacred place,
Where Thou endured the cross of
shame,
I feel that I unworthy am
To take upon me Thy great Name.

Dear Saviour, now I bring my life,
My talents, time, and all I own;
Whichever I have, they are from Thee,
I'll serve Thee though the world may
frown.

Accept me for Thy service, Lord,
And give me holy fear and love;
A love for Thee and dying souls,
Till I shall come and dwell above.
Handman J. H. Jarvis
Kingston, Ont.

Song the Fire.

Tunes.—Fraise, B. J., 148; Come on, my
partners, B. J., 190, 1; Faith's as-
cent, B. J., 85, 1.

2 Lord, let the Fire upon us fall,
As with one heart to Thee we
call,
Oh, let the Fire descend!
Lord, as of old the Heaven's Fire came,
Oh, send a Pentecostal flame—
Let the Fire descend!

Our hearts are cold, our zeal has gone,
No mighty work can ever be done
Till we possess the Fire,
Oh, come, dear Lord, and touch each
heart,
A burning zeal to us impart,
Lord, fill us with the Fire!

What mighty victories we'll achieve,
If we will only but believe,
For God be all on fire!
We'll make the devil fear and quake,
His kingdom we are bound to shake—
Filled with the Holy Fire.

One of the Commandant's Own.

Tunes.—The wounds of Christ are
open, B. J., 283, 1; (or for the
verses only) Oh, turn ye.

3 When Jesus first sought me I
turned from His loving,
Refusing the joy which His pres-
ence would bring,
But when I was won by His tender en-
treaties,
I loved Him supremely, my Saviour
and King.

Chorus.

Indeed, I love my Saviour,
He is All-in-all to me;
Indeed, I love my Saviour,
His alone I'll be.

I'm His and I'll love Him! I'm His and
I'll serve Him!
I'm His and I claim Him to part
no more.
Such pleasures He yields me, so fondly
He shields me,
I feel His bliss Him to love and
adore!

Each hour of my life I can talk with
my Jesus,
He'll listen and answer, if humbly I
say,
"Dear Lord, on what message of Yours
may I hasten?
What errand have you for Your ser-
vant to-day?"

If fettered and bound by the heart-
sins that
foll me,
He'll break every fetter and bid me
go free.
For He is the spotless, the pure and the
holy,
And holy, He tells us, His children
must be.

11. 11. 11.

Tune.—Down where the living waters
flow, B. J., 3, 2.

4 Beneath the Army Flag
I never need lag,
Fighting for Jesus every day,
Though some would bid me stay,
I still press on my way,
Fighting for Jesus every day.

Chorus.

Fighting for Jesus every day (repeat)
I've now made up my mind
That me you'll always find
Fighting for Jesus every day.

I look around to see
The need that I should be,
Fighting for Jesus every day:
I need no other sight
To keep me with my might
Fighting for Jesus every day.

Will you not start to be
A soldier brave with me,
Reward with Jesus every day?
When faithful we have been
Fighting for Jesus every day.

W. H. COX, Captain.

A Rousing Song of Battle.

Tune.—Men of Harlech, B. J., 90.

5 Comrades, 'neath the Blood-red
banner
Let us raise our loud hosanna,
In a bold and warlike manner,
Sound the battle-cry!
All around us sounds are falling,
Hear their helpless voices calling,
From their slavery so galling,
Save them, ere they die!

Chorus.

In the night of Jesus,
Seeking souls so precious;
Let us go against the foe;
Who tries in vain to seize us;
Walls of fire are round us glowing,
While the life of Christ were showing,
While in grace we're daily growing,
Victory is sure!

If in white with Jesus walking,
In our hearts with Jesus talking,
We are proof against the tempter,
God will keep our soul,
Over self the victory getting,
Lay aside each sin begetting,
Onward press on, forgetting—
Upward to the goal.

For You and Me.

Tunes.—Sovereignty, B. J., 220; Stella,
B. J., 25, 3.

6 Why did the Lamb of Calvary die
In anguish on the rugged tree?
It was for this—that you and I
From every sin might be set free,
Oh, boundless love, so rich and free,
The Saviour died for you and me!

For me, of vilest sinners chief,
Who never raised a voice in prayer,
Who oft has caused my Saviour grief,
It was for me He suffered there,
Oh, boundless love, so rich and free,
The Saviour died for you and me.

For me, who had so often heard
His pleading, un mistaken call,
But disregarded still His Word,
And would not yield to Him my all,
Oh, boundless love, so rich and free,
The Saviour died for you and me!

Salvation for All.

Tunes.—Take Salvation, B. R., 18;
Hark, the voice, B. J., 51, 1; Bless-
ed Lord, in Thee is Bread of Heav-
en, B. J., 207, 1; Guide me, Great
Jehovah, B. J., 121, 1; Calcutta, B.
J., 29, 2.

7 Sinner, see, from Calvary's moun-
tain
Flows a glorious, cleansing tide;
Jesus died to make that Fountain,
Now it's flowing, deep and wide.
It will save you, rich and free,
There's no other name beside.

Long thy feet have trod sin's pathway,
Oft thy heart has been ensnared,
Hope has vanished from your bosom,

For your soul you thought none cared,
Jesus loves you!
At the Cross there's hope prepared.

"It is finished! It is finished!"
Was the dying Saviour's cry;
Glorious, grand and free salvation,
Without money all may buy.
None need perish!
Sinner, now Salvation's nigh!

East Ontario Items

FROM HOTSUR.

Salvation Successes—War Cry Sales Going Up.

The Chancellor has the working of
the Quilt Scheme in the King-
ston and Ottawa Districts, an
Adjutant McLean has not ar-
rived yet, and challenges any
other District in the Province. Ad-
jutant Magee, of Peterboro, says "all
right." What does that man Combs
say?

Captain Ward, just arrived at Pem-
broke, writes in the best of spirits. They
had two souls the first Sunday and the
War Cry sold out.

Captain Vance, just gone to Brighton,
says, "God is helping us," and reports
one soul. She says they shall sell all
their War Crys. Good, Captain?

Captain Banks, Nanapanee, says, "We
had a good week-end. The Crys there
have been steadily rising, and at last
they are sold out. Good, Captain Banks
and Lieutenant Grosse!"

Adjutant Magee reports eight souls for
the week-end at Peterboro.

Joe Beef's Corps, of Montreal V.F., now
has a Salvation Army Band and Fire
flag.

The String Band is now on a short
trip to Bloomfield, Nanapanee and Picton
and Deseronto, but a trip to the U. S.
comes next.

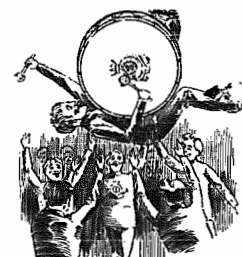
Sergeant-Major Webber, of Ottawa,
writes: "Good meetings; two souls
Friday night; four Sunday. They were
without Officers."

Both the Central and West Ontario
Provinces have asked us to let them
have part of our String Band. We
can't spare them yet. We like music.

TWO NOTABLE EVENTS.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

That was a happy hit of Brigadier
Read's in bringing together the Toronto
soldiers and friends for a social cup of
tea, followed by a deeply spiritual
meeting. The programme was an un-
printed one, but peculiarly varied in-
teresting. For instance, two aged veterans
sang a duet, an ex-man-of-war's man
in full uniform knelt at the Cross, Ad-
jutant and Mrs. Bradley were intro-
duced to the friends undergoing a course
of instruction at the hands of a few notable Staff
and Field Officers. Then Ensign Shea,
the irrepressible drummer, was advised
by Mrs. Brigadier Read to be careful
how he acted or he might be too care-
ful to go into higher regions. The die was
cast. Mrs. Read's hint was acted upon
and in a twinkling Shea and his drum



went writhing ceilingwards. What a
volley rent the air! The best of it was
that the drummer beat his drum as he
reeled in space. His knelt at the Cross.

The next notable event was the gath-
ering together of Toronto's Army chaps
at Victoria Park on Dominion Day. It
was a success. Our own people came
up en masse. Two typical and glorious
meetings were held, and all that was
said and sung there was listened to
with rapt attention. It was so good
to know that amid the whirl and bustle
of worldly pleasure-seekers, God's voice
was heard, and good must be the re-
sult.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

What a Soldier Should and Should Not be.

IDEAL SOLDIERSHIP.

A whole-hearted trust in God cannot
but bring to a Soldier unflinching de-
termination to not only endure hard-
ness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,
but above that, that which is able to
help him to prove that through Him it
is possible to be more than conqueror.
J. M. C. HORN, Staff-Captain.

A Soldier's most powerful weapon is
his own personal experience and testi-
mony.—F. E. S.

The privileges of Salvation Soldier-
ship offer special opportunities for
doing good, such as are seldom found
in any other organization, and still
further it might be said there is no
other society where character of such a
varied character can be obtained for
spreading righteousness, and truly an-
swering the prayer, "Thy Kingdom
come." Then let us haste to make the
most of them!

F. MORRIS, Ensign.

The war in which we are engaged is
a real one—not a sham fight. We don't
fight men, but devil (the enemy of
men) by the power of the Holy Ghost;
we fight evil with good, error with
truth, hypocrisy with reality, profession
with possession, tearing down the king-
dom of darkness and building up the
Kingdom of Light and Righteousness,
and He that is for us is more than all
that can be against us.—J. W.

First, keep sweet in your soul.
Second, work hard for the Salvation
of others.

Third, wear full uniform.

Fourth, the proper place to get it is
at Trade Headquarters.

J. RAWLING, Staff-Captain.

(This was written when the Staff-
Captain was Assistant Trade Secretary,
but we believe he would write the same
now).

For Soldiers to be the most use to
God and the greatest help to their Offi-
cers, they must be:—

First, saved and sanctified, filled with
the Spirit of Jesus intensely earnest,
and free from all giddiness and trifling.

N. GRIFFITHS, Ensign.

What vast opportunities of usefulness
in a Soldier's position as His Sol-
diers! One has but to think this-
ward, and they simply crowd upon us.
THINK!—How should a true Sol-
dier in a warlike conduct himself?
Alert, obedient, and with the object
of his strife at heart. Just so, nay, more
so, should we Soldiers of the Lord
of the hosts of heaven. God of gods,
conduct ourselves! Oh! for a full re-
ception of our privileges and a baptism
of Holy Ghost power to lay hold of
them in all their fullness.

H. D. SALE, Ensign.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the
whole matter: Fear God, and keep His
commandments: for this is the whole
duty of man."—LEIBTZ, JAMIESON.

HOW NOT TO GET BLESSED IN MEETINGS.

Arrive in time to catch the tail of the
first prayer through the crack of the
door.

Grumble at the door-keeper for refus-
ing to allow your sneaking boots to be
heard inside till it is concluded.

Don't kneel on the dusty floor when
you enter; instead, put your head on
the chair-back in front, and think—of
anything that has happened during the
day.

Be sure and carry a large and crack-
ling candle-bag, refreshing yourself
and neighbours at intervals.

Keep your eye on the clock.
Discover if the Captain has any but-
tous off his coat.

Never sit exactly in the same position
for sixty seconds.

Carry a candle-bag, and sing.
Be on the lookout for bad grammar.
Sustain a whispered conversation.
Let fall no "Amen!"

Give every one the speaking truth well
on to Sister Jeannette's head.

Remain talking in the Barracks at
least ten minutes after the benediction
dismissing the meeting—and every other
thing.

Carry out the above, and you will
soon arrive at the conclusion that your
Camp is a spiritual slough, and that
the time spent at the Barracks is
waste and dull, and finally that your
health will not stand the close atmos-
phere.

A. L. P.

WAR CRY WARRIORS' COLUMN.

Summer Opportunities—The Race in Progress—A Boomer Tried and True—Hint to Racers—Two Champion Street Sellers.

LIST OF THE BRAVE.

THE CONQUERORS.

Sergt. Bell, Hamilton, Ber. (2 wks)	631
Lieut. F. Randall, St. Stephen	221
Brother Yatton, Hamilton, Ber. (2 weeks)	191
Capt. Bentley, Brantford	150
Cadet Cowan, Lonsburg	160
Lieut. Graham, Rat Portage (2 wks)	158
Capt. May, Victoria	146
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage (2 wks)	144
Lieut. Coolen, Charlottetown	140
Lieut. Selig, Sussex, N. B. (2 wks)	135
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton	135
Ensign Mrs. Crichton, St. Stephens	130
Ensign Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	110
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	110
Capt. Sabine, Charlottetown	110

THE UNDAUNTED.

Lieut. Thoon, Dillon	95
Capt. Lester, Anacanda	90
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage	82
Jonnie Ross, Cornwall	78
Lieut. Young, Pictou	75
Sister Mrs. Barber, Kingston	74
Mrs. Law, Victoria	72
Gussie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	72
Mr. Leard, North Sydney	69
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Collingwood	70
Lieut. Dickens, Prescott	65
Almena Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	64
Capt. Hollman, Cobourg	60
Capt. Priddmore, Prescott	60
Sergt. Thomson, Belleville	50
Ella Gage, Hildesheim	56
Father Dixon, Temple	56
Cadet Hebb, St. John I.	51
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	50
Capt. Ollis, Yorkville	50
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke	50
Sister Downey, Kingston	50
Capt. Greene, Campbellford	50

THE ADVANCING.

Emma Van Norman, Guelph	48
Sergt. Beatrice Smith, Hamilton, Bermuda	48
Capt. Stollker, Riversdale	47
Cadet Peers, Lascar Street	47
Lieut. Bloss, Barrie	46
Mrs. Thomson, Nanawake	46
Capt. Jarvis, Strathroy	45
Cadet Peers, Strathroy	45
Lieut. McNamoy, Arnprior	45
A. Norman, Arnprior	45
Cadet Copeman, Lascar Street	44
Lieut. Reid, Gannanoke	42
Capt. Root, Gannanoke	42
Capt. Lorimer, Moncton	42
Capt. Dwyer, Keewatin	41
Mary N. Pyre, Guelph	41
Tillie Keating, North Sydney	40
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Belleville	40
Mrs. Crossman, Moncton	40
Capt. Fred Knight, Carleton	40
Cadet J. Poleck, Carleton	40
Lieut. Weeks, Poversham	39
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	37
Lieut. Grose, Nanawake	36
Sister Mrs. Simons, Kingston	35
Sister Suddard, Kingston	35
Capt. McKie, Chesherville	35
Bella Walks, Valley City	34
Hattie Ferguson, Guelph	32
Capt. Banks, Nanawake	32
George Victor, Hamilton, Ber.	32
Sister Bligny, Pictou	31

Brother Mattice, Cornwall	30
Emiline Worth, Charlottetown	30
Adj. Moore, Riverside	30

THE MEAN-TO-DOES.

Sergt. Howell, Riversdale	26
Lieut. Pretty, Bonavista	25
Sister Drury, Barrie	25
Mrs. Barker, Chesherville	25
Dollie Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	24
Mrs. Capt. Greene, Campbellford	23
Ensign McHarg, Belleville	23
Ensign Mrs. Fisher, North Sydney	22
Sister Nugent, St. John III.	20
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	20
Elsie Roof, Moncton	20
Mrs. Barker, Chesherville	20
Mrs. Weiner, Guelph	20
Heckle Miller, Cornwall	20
Robbie Douglas, Cornwall	20
Sister Bone, Barrie	20
Sister Dyer, Barrie	20
Capt. Kirkwood, Belleville	20

July days are not the easiest for daring efforts, but they are none the less preciously full of unsurpassed opportunities for reaching crowds of sinners. While the heat makes the Barnekes' congregations smaller, and the indoor meetings often works of perseverance and utmost energy, chances are doubled instead of decreased in the open air, and however possibilities rise high. Now to seize the chance of bombarding pedestrians on the street, loungers in the saloons, bystanders at the street corners, and listeners to the open-air ring with the paper of Salvation.

Race-forms, pleasingly filled up, are beginning to arrive. Some comrades are strengthening themselves for the contest; others are already a good few paces down the line. Weeks are themselves racing away, therefore we would remind every brave bonnet that NOW is the time to distinguish themselves.



SERG. JENNIE McQUEEN, Moncton.

We are glad this week to give the photo of Sergeant Jennie McQueen, of Moncton Corps. She is an old and devoted pusher of the Cry. Her zeal in selling them in hotels and saloons is unaltered, and her record for the Race will be a good one if she advances steadily each week. Is that your intention, Sergeant McQueen? She already holds a good place in booming annals, having come out honest in a seven weeks' competition some little time since.

A line of reminder to those "entering the lists" for the Race. Be sure and send in your totals REGULARLY EVERY WEEK, and on the regulation form. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Two Lieutenants deserve honourable mention—Lieutenants Sleeth and Thoen—Pembroke and Pictou being their respective Corps. They are both champion street-sellers, thus disposing of a goodly number of War Cry every week. The Dillon Lieutenant sold 65 papers in about two hours in this way the other week.

TRADE HEADQUARTERS.

General Instructions

Will our friends kindly observe the following:

Please bear in mind that EVERY CENT of profit made in this business is—after paying the necessary expenses—devoted to the support of the spiritual work of the Army.

Our terms are strictly cash, and a remittance for the full amount must be sent with all orders. When this is not done the goods will invariably be sent C.O.D.

The full name and address of the customer must be legibly written in ink on each order, and full particulars of the articles should be given. Non-observance of this rule in the past has caused much loss of time and endless confusion and bother.

In returning books or other articles for exchange, sender's name must be written on the wrapper, and a letter posted at the same time with particulars of what is required.

Inquiries should not be written on Order Sheets, but communicated by letter, and orders should not be included in letters, as delay is likely to arise in replying to the letter.

Letters respecting the non-receipt of goods ordered should invariably specify fully the nature of the same and date of order, as the absence of this information often causes unnecessary delay.

State on each order the name of the Express Company you wish your goods sent by.

Post Office or Express Orders to be made payable to Evangeline G. Booth.

We pay Express charges on all orders for merchandises goods over \$5. On all orders under this amount POSTAGE must accompany the order or goods will be sent charges collect.

Goods from the Tailoring Department (including trimmed bonnets) will be sent charges collect.

CABINET PHOTOS.



GENERAL BOOTH . . . 25c.



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH . . . 25c.

Your Mantle or Centre Table Decoration is Not Complete Without These.

BONNETS . . .

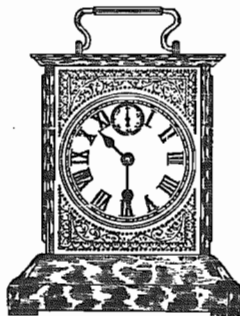
Never before have we known such a demand for this article—the "hot cake" run is not in it. Long ear shapes are "all the go" now, although still many cling to the good old oval—both are good. Peruse the list of values below. The trimming is done in England and they know exactly how.

Bonnet Shapes.

No. 1 Coarse Canton Straw	..	\$.50
No. 2 Fine	..	1.00
No. 3 Fetal Straw	..	1.50
No. 5 Very Superior Fetal Straw (best make)	..	3.50

Trimmed Bonnets.

No. 4 Superior Fetal Straw, sizes 4 and 5	..	\$4.00
No. 5 " " " " " " " "	..	4.50
No. 6 Very Superior Fetal Straw, sizes 4 and 5	..	6.00
" " " " " " " "	..	6.50
Strings for Bonnets, No. 1 per yard	35 cts.	
" " " " " " " "	60 cts.	
Silk for Bonnets @ 75c., \$1 and \$1.25 per yard		



"Trusting Thee Ever," and "Grace There Is," are played alternately in sweet and melodious tones by these timekeepers. They PLAY when other clocks STRIKE, and they keep it up, two tunes every hour, the whole day long. The first consignment has been sold right out. The second one, just to hand, is going fast. Order quickly and be on time.

\$4.60 Each.

The Pictograph Button of the "Commissioner" and "S. A. Crest" also these splendid bookmarkers, having each appropriate mottoes with photos of the General and the late Mrs. Booth, worked in six colors of silk, are selling well.—Buttons 5 cts. each; Bookmarkers 25 cts. each.

STAF-CAPT. HORN, Trade Soc., Salvation Temple, Toronto.

WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....
(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Provinces.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry for week ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

WOMENS SOCIAL WORK

The latest advance! We have now our own Dispensary in the Ottawa Rescue Home.

Kingston friends have given \$500 every Sunday for four months' War Cry for League of Mercy distribution.

We are delighted to have the Commissioner and her party at our Rescue Home during their visit to London.

WANTED.—A horse for our London Rescue Home.

Major Southall is already showing his interest in the London Rescue Home and Children's Shelter. The Women's Social wishes Mrs. Southall and the Major God-speed.

Ensign Miller goes East on a much-needed rest. Who? — Watch — takes her place. Who? — Watch —

Ensign Miller has rendered excellent service in the Spokane Home. She says in a recent communication: "If I have done anything in the Home or for the work that will tend to success, I am very glad, and give God the praise for it. I have enjoyed my time and work in the Home much, also appreciated very much your sympathy and counsel. Hope some day to have the pleasure of working with you again."

Winnipeg "Nor'Wester" often gives us paragraphs on the Rescue Work at this City.

Ensign Beckstead has been ill and goes on furlough for a month.

Staff-Captain Cowan is improving in health and returns to London this week.

We are losing a Rescue Officer in the sweet by-and-by. The event takes place. Where? — When? — Yes, yes, "Time will tell."

We are still in want of suitable literature for our Rescue Home Libraries.

Dr. Jamieson, Ottawa; Dr. Mabel Henderson, Hamilton; Dr. Hamilton, Halifax; Dr. Roddy, Montreal; Dr. Yessman, Winnipeg; Dr. Hogg, London, and other physicians, render acceptable service in our Rescue Homes.

Sergeant (Mother) Haskirk is an earnest League of Mercy worker, and takes a practical interest in our Rescue Home. She has done a great deal of visiting and has seen three souls saved in the Winnipeg General Hospital lately.

An enjoyable hour was spent at the Women's Shelter last Friday night. The Editor and Headquarters Staff, Adjutant Burditt and Captain Hart rendered good service.

It was good to hear Mother Florence pray in the Shelter meeting. Like "ye goodie olde Time."

The Shelter Officers are always ready to help us. So writes Ensign Beckstead, Winnipeg.

We are all one family. Unity is strength.

We purpose having a series of League of Mercy meetings shortly in Toronto.

We are publishing a report of the contributions made to our Rescue Homes of free distribution to our contributors.

"Always have a kind word and a smile for all." No. 6 League of Mercy rule.

One of our dear Jamestown, N. D., comrades, Mr. Kemp, visited our Rescue Home's Social Department, in Toronto, this week. We extend our sincerest sympathy with him in the death of his dear wife.

We thank the gentleman who called and left five dollars at T. H. Q. the other day. He did not give his name and address, so we cannot send receipt. May God reward him!

BLANCHE READ.

Many would be Daniels if they could live in a land where there were no laws.—Aton.

THE WAR CRY.

Sign of the Cross.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

Victory.

WITH the conversion of Richard Winter virtually ends our story. Of course, a meeting of the local magd was held in the Illustrations parlour of the "Ball Inn," to discuss the event in its many bearings upon the literature of the district and the future of the organisation with which Dick Winter at once identified himself.

Sim Again.

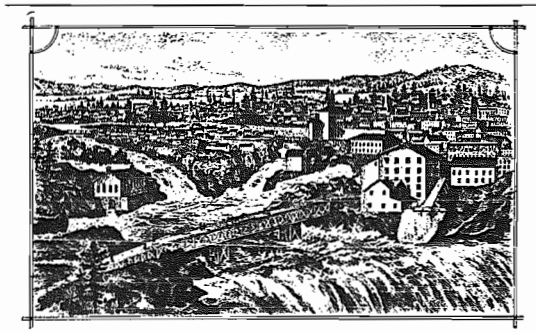
Sim occupied the chair of authority. The debate was of a highly explosive character, the practical ending of which may be gathered from the following observations of the distinguished theologian.

"Gentlemen," concluded Sim, in trifling, jerky sentences, "Winter's renunciation of common-sense, and his espousal of this fanatical crusade, are symptoms of modern degeneracy, for which, while not blaming myself altogether, our clergyman are mainly responsible. Winter was an independent thinker; now he is the mere vassal of a crude theology and a despotic government. The Salvation Army is an organization composed of strong-minded people, with pronounced weaknesses."

"I wish you would be a little more specific," interrupted the venerable Geddes, angrily.

Sim Wrathful.

Sim dared up. To be disturbed in a peroration was most distasteful to him. "There is no accounting for the dandy of your intellect, Geddes," he snarled. "Which is only equal to your bigotry," retorted Geddes.



SPOKANE FALLS.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried the proprietor, "drop the subject. We have not had a happy night since this nuisance invaded Aberhaven, and I have lost more money by its effect upon my regular customers than I sunk in prosecuting my canvass for councilorship, and that was a big howl, I assure you. Another glass of hot Glencoe, gentlemen."

"No, sir, not until I finish the point of this discussion," cried Sim, "which is this: Are we to allow the Salvation Army to undermine the teaching of a century, or call a mass meeting to protest against its false dogmas and government?"

Different Opinions.

Ensign Ironside.—"Let them alone. The people are in their favour, and the ministers are saying that if their methods are rough, the work they do is good. We may object to this form of religion, but it is neither illegal nor lawless."

John Rollox, the coal merchant, followed up once in his best thermometer style—"The element of popular feeling is tidal. Give it time, and it will recede."

Joshua Wilson, the supposed rival of Richard Winter, chirped in his usual self-opinionated manner—"Sim, you can no more prevent the spread of this sensationism than you can the tide from rising. Fight the law of freedom, and it will overthrow you; let it have its own way, and truth will assert itself. We may object to this form of religion, but it is neither illegal nor lawless."

"It's unscrupulous!" roared the learned chairman.

"Of that I am not so positive—at any rate, these Salvationists have as much right to hold their opinion as you have yours."

Geddes—"And I reluctantly acquiesce in the judgment of Mr. Joshua."

The Break-up of the Club.

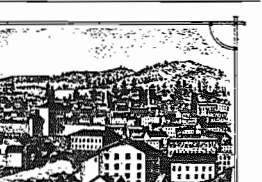
Sim's last straw was gone. A sudden, and determined expression gradually formed on the countenance of the venerable man. First glancing at the proprietor, and then, with a sign of contempt, to his colleagues, he rose, seized his stick and bonnet—a fearsome Glencoe—and said, "I shall no more cross the threshold of the order of our fraternal society. I quit, and beg to register my protest against the cowardice displayed at this table. The Salvation Army has much to answer for, not the least being the obfuscation of this friendly club."

And the gallant Sim strode from the inn.

Many of the actors in the above serio-comedy have disappeared from the stage of time, and Aberhaven has long since learned to esteem The Salvation Army for its work's sake. In fact, if we are not mistaken, there is a measure of pride entertained in the borough for the plucky conduct of Dick Winter in taking his stand by the Flag of The Army in the days of opposition and unpopularity. This pride may have been fostered by the manner in which the young journalist has justified the wisdom of the course he adopted by becoming a Soldier in The Army. He has steadily risen in the ranks, and occupies to-day a position of widespread influence.

His sister, Elsie, did not long survive her brother's conversion. Always delicate, she succumbed to a tedious struggle with consumption. She exhibited the same fortitude in suffering, however, as she showed when our story began.

A few days before passing away, Dick and his wife (it will not be difficult to guess her identity), spent an hour by her death-bed. Though weak and emaciated, her sunken eyes in deep cavities revealing the world's agony which she had undergone, the smile of holy re-



signation played round her lips, and her eyes would brighten with peculiar radiance.

"The frail heart, darling," said Mrs. Winter, deeply affected, "has to go through many a storm."

"Aye, aye, Maggie," the dying girl feebly replied, "but that is only half a truth—Jesus it at the helm."

"A wise pilot, Elsie," observed the brother.

"An' He'll na put on the bark mair than it can bear. Dick, his grace is sufficient and glory is nigh. May I ask ye a favour, Dick?"

"Anything, dear."

"When my body is cold, and ye're tears rin down ye're faces, ye main re-joice, and dinna mourn me like a Christian—bury me like a soldier. I hanna dune much fighting, except w' pain, but the Lord has given me the enduring and fighting spirit, and perhaps that will count for something. Stick to the colours, Dick. Bend your bairnies, Maggie, to hard work, and teach them the way livin' for eternity. I'm proud of their fellow-creatures. The General dinna ken a' his Soldiers, but if I ever have occasion to speak to him, tell him that we ken how to deal as well as to live."

And Elsie Winter soon after laid down her cross and took up her crown.

(The End).

Those who are graceless in this world will be speechless in the next.

Virtue founded on fear is only vice in a fit of dejection.—Eccle Deus.

Men will wrangle, write, fight and die for religion: anything but live for it.—Aton.

MAJOR PUGMIRE

Visits Springhill and Pugwash.

SPRINGHILL.

A splendid open-air was held here on Saturday night. The streets of the ancient Brass Land, by which we were reinforced, attracted a large crowd of people, who drank in what was said. They freely gave a \$500 reward. Sunday was a good day. Captain St. John and his band-bros worked admirably. The Major and his three children played a quartette, and little Myrtle sang. Mrs. Pugmire, although suffering from a cold, pitched in. The Major in the afternoon dedicated to God Mrs. St. John's two children, the baby being called after his father, "William Roy," who a month ago was promoted to Glory. The congregation was much affected by the sight of the widowed mother standing under the flag with her two fatherless children, giving them to God and the Army. A rattling Salvation meeting was held at night, but none yielded. On Monday night, the Juniors and Band of Love children went through some exercises. \$500 was realized for the week-end, which will dispense with some of the debt on the Corps.

Adjutant Matthews, who has fought faithfully at Springhill for fourteen months, farewells for Bermuda. Lieutenant Jackson assists her at Springhill.

PUGWASH.

The Major and his oldest son Ernest visited Pugwash, and found Lieutenant Tiller and Cadet Trafon in good spirits. Things are brightening round their leadership. We had a splendid open-air and quite a few came inside. The financial results were \$200. Not bad for Pugwash. We had a band of Soldiers there, but these are a credit to the dear old Flag. God bless them. "Ernest's" singing and playing was much appreciated. We stayed with our staunch friends, Brother and Sister Tuttle. Proceeding Halifax, where glorious times await us. More anon.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

More Eastern Breezes.

Instead of buying a Junior Soldier's Secretary, the Commissioner has decided that the Chancellor shall take the responsibility of the Junior work. Now for advances!

Cadet Martin hails from St. John, N. I. Corps, and is made up of the right material. When asked if he was ready for a grand old night's saying, "Yes, anywhere for Jesus. More people of this stamp wanted!"

Captain England, who has been an Officer in the Eastern Corps for some years, and whose home is in Chatham, N. I., has been transferred to the Province. A thousand welcomes, Captain. May you make the devil hum!

The "Eastern Star," a new little Private Little Soldier, passed forth for the first time last week and was welcomed by every Officer. I understand this Little Star will make its appearance once a month, and no doubt will shine brighter and brighter with each issue.

Captain Housan, of Colas, Me., and a few of the American brass, were in St. John on Tuesday, 22nd, celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and had a good pitch in at the open-air with St. John's brass. May God bless our American comrades!

Adjutant Matthews, an old, faithful and tried Officer, has been appointed in command of Bermuda, and will be assisted by Lieutenant Hickey, a member of Eastern Corps. Captain Welsh, Carter, and Cadet Martin also bid good-bye to the cooling breezes of Nova Scotia, and sail by the same boat. Captain Welsh and Cadet Martin go to St. George's, a new opening for the Eastern Corps. They will predict a glorious victory for these comrades on the island.

Honiton, Me., one of the American Corps, and a nice little city of about twelve thousand population, has been transferred to the Canadian field, and is now attached to St. Stephen district. Ensign Orlinton, the worthy District Officer; Captain P. Clark, and Lieut. Campbell, have been named. The Woodstock Band, opened it on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 23rd, 24th, and 25th, and report seventeen souls. Soldiers, sailors, and good finances. Captain Clark and Lieutenant Burrows have been left in command and are certain of victory.

JACK TAIL.

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

JULY 1918.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

John IV. 1-26.

This lesson follows closely the events of last week. It seems as if the Lord understood that His actions were the cause of great gossip—that the criticizing Pharisees who were hostile to the teaching of John the Baptist, and who were ever ready to accuse Him, were always discussing and finding fault. Perhaps to end the unprofitable discussion Jesus left them to pursue their questioning and criticisms, and went into Galilee. The following incident occurred on the journey:

"JESUS BAPTIZED NOT."

Why this is made so explicit we cannot say. John's baptism was a symbol of repentance, but it must be Jesus purposely omitted to perform this rite, knowing that in future days all would be perverted. No doubt he wanted to impress all that Jesus did not choose this as a form of acknowledgment to repentance. There is not a command in the Word of God that people should be baptized with water. The necessity of a baptism is made clear, but the baptism referred to is without doubt that of the Holy Ghost. The importance of publicly confessing repentance towards God and faith in His redemption is emphasized all through the Bible.

"HE MUST NEEDS GO THROUGH SAMARIA."

There was another route that could have been taken, but Jesus chose this way probably because the Pharisees avoided this way on account of the enmity between the Jews and Samaritans. Jesus cared not for national hatreds, it came that all might live.

"BEING WEARIED."

The well was probably sheltered by a little arbor, and its shade would be very acceptable from the noonday sun by the weary travellers. Jesus was weary, but he bore all our infirmities, was exhausted with fatigue and sank down upon the stone steps to rest. But though tired, Jesus was there as the ever, about "His Father's business."

A DRINK OF WATER.

Water in Palestine is a luxury as well as a necessity. It was the custom for Eastern women to bring their water-pots to the wells. Any one would naturally come with the women and Samaritans, but the woman of Samaria was greatly astonished on account of the hatred with which His countrymen regarded her.

"IF THOU KNEWEST."

In other words—"Woman, if you could comprehend what an opportunity this is, you would not miss it." How often is the Lord Jesus near at hand when people least expect it. Watch the chance of their lives. Watch what look like opportunities, for they may be the turning point of your life.

"I PERCEIVE THAT THOU ART A PROPHET."

Because the Lord told her something out of her private history she believed Him. The result was that He declared for the first time who He was. Faith always brings about a revelation of God to the soul.

QUESTIONING.

Though her faith was growing, the woman still had some questions which she wanted settled. Jesus is always ready to satisfy the souls who seek knowledge in a humble way—if it is for their own good. She had such a much formality that she was puzzled—hence her question as to where Jehovah should be worshipped. The Lord pointed out to her that it was heart service that God required.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was probably the reason why the Lord went through Samaria?
2. What lessons does this story teach to people who are "on rest"?
3. Why should we be careful of small opportunities to get blessing from the Lord?
4. What kind of service does God require?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life, the best philosophy; a clear conscience, the best law; the best policy, and temperance the best medicine.

THE PRISONERS OF A BRITISH BURGLAR



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents. At seven adopted by a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional house-breaker. His motto: "Kick nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience begun at sixteen. Seven years. After three years and a half out on ticket of leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escape from prison. Re-captured. On board the convict ship "Allatross," bound for Bermuda. Life in the convict settlement. "Archie Sloss."

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

In the convict settlement on the Bermudas, each convict was supplied with tobacco and a margin of rum per day. In addition to this each man was credited with threepence per day, which was held in reserve for the day of his discharge, and one penny per day was paid out to every man to buy butter or sugar, or in fact, anything he liked. It was the treatment of convicts at this period. After the novelty of new surroundings had worn off, Archie began to long for a change of air and scenery. Twenty days, with three brother convicts, he had been employed digging a trench to receive the foundations of a military fort, and he found it to be very dreary and monotonous work.

"This trench-digging, mate," said Archie, "is out of my line of business entirely. Nothing exaggerates me so much as enforced monotony."

Give Me Variety—

anything—spose it's only swimming in the ocean out there and dodging the sharks? 'Tis my jummy, if something don't happen soon I'm going to leave of this watering place and get a job with more life in it. Now, if a respectable earthquake can come along with its low, and mix houses and hills and trees up a bit, so's we'd have to sort them out from each other, why it would jive me from going stark, raving mad."

Something did happen to break the monotony that Archie complained of.

Yellow Fever Broke Out

and ravaged the whole continent. Strong, healthy men walked about in the morning. The same men were buried after sunset the following day. Yellow fever is attended with blackness of the skin, green lemon-yellow and the deepest orange, and with black vomit. It is most fatal (sometimes within twenty-four hours) to the young and robust. The Commander asked for volunteers to nurse the sick. Archie Sloss was the first to volunteer.

Whatever there was noble and manly in Archie's character was brought into use during this terrible reign of yellow fever. He was a most devoted and painstaking nurse and attendant. Night and day he tended to the sick and dying, and considered it no act of self-denial on his part.

He was a convict, but during this period he displayed the sacrifice and devotion of

A True Christian.

He could have escaped scores of times, but he never attempted to do so. When he volunteered as a hospital nurse, the Commander said, "What! you, Sloss? Why, yellow fever is particularly fond of me, healthy fellows like you. You'll be one of the first to slip your cable."

"Sir!" said Archie, very respectfully, "perhaps it'll be the job to nurse you first. True, we are here to-day and buried to-morrow; but I reckon I'll dodge the fever, 'cos I'm

A Champion Dodger.

I am."

Month after month Yellow Jack, as the fever was called, claimed its victims, and Archie was a superintendent, doctor, nurse, undertaker, and everything in the midst of it all. One day Commander Jackson caught the infection, and Archie was specially called upon to nurse him.

"Archie, my boy," he said, "your words have come true. I've got it bad. I'm a gonner. I'll be shark's meat very soon."

"No, you won't, Commander," said Archie, cheerfully. "You've got to die of old age. I'm a prophet, and I said I would get the job to nurse you, and now I prophesy that you'll get better, and don't you dare to do anything else, or you'll show me up as a false prophet."

"I could have snuffed his fever out many a time," said Archie, speaking of this incident, "I left the clothes and blankets on him, and let the fever-sweat strike inside and kill him. Nobody would have suspected. Many a punishment I've got from him for disobedience, which I deserved, and I could have taken my revenge upon him now; but something within me wouldn't let me do it. There was always two men inside my clothes."

Archie Sloss, the Devil.

and Archie Sloss, the saint, and they were always at war with each other, but the devil chiefly gained the victory over the saint."

However, it is quite certain that during the epidemic of yellow fever the better Archie Sloss sat upon the throne and wielded the sceptre of kindness. The fever lasted eight months longer. Commander Jackson got better, and presented Archie with a sovereign for nursing him so carefully.

Four months after the fever had died out, Archie Sloss received a free pardon. The story of his courage and devotion to duty had been reported to

The Home Authorities

by the grateful Commander Jackson, and endorsed by his brother-officers.

Archie came home to England a free man, landed at Portsmouth and returned to Glasgow. He went back to his old trade as a house-breaker. His criminal instincts completely mastered him. He got mixed up with a gang of thieves, who rented and kept up two large private houses, one in Glasgow and the other in Edinburgh. There were twelve or fourteen thieves in this gang, and because Archie Sloss was the most original, the most ingenious and desperate of the lot, he was unanimously elected the "captain of the gang."

(To be continued).

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, straggled girls, women, or children, or any persons in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER, Miss DOUGLAS, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

1967. MACDONALD, MAHY. Age, about 45. Gray eyes, brown hair. Last heard of about twenty-eight years ago. Then living at St. Catharines. If living (or any relatives) will hear of something, please advise by writing "Enquiry," Toronto. Foreign City please copy.

(Second Insertion).

1955. HEATH, LOTTIE, alias LOTTIE HANKIN, alias LOTTIE WEBER. Left Montreal in February, 1914, with a travelling company as a singer and dancer. Last known address North Adams, Mass. Mother enquires.

1965. POWELL, EMMA, now MRS. GRIFFIN. 70 years old. Born Portland, Me. 25 years old. Her husband was clerk, reporter, on an Oregon paper in 1895. Mother enquires.

1967. ROLLINGS, MISS. SARAH. Maiden name MONCK. Age, over 70. James, 25 years old. Born Portland, Me. Last seen a year ago on a train between Winnipeg and Beauport. Has two sons, Albert and Alfred. Mother enquires.

1958. GROOMHIDGE, E. J. Once connected with the Army in Toronto. Supposed to have gone to Quebec. His Toronto address was 34 Foxley Street. It is of financial interest to him. Write "Enquiry."

1959. SPENCER, SILAS. Left Acadia Mines, Londonderry, N. S., ten years ago. Last heard of five months ago at Inverness, N. C. About 40 years old; dark complexion; black moustache; black curly hair. Mother enquires.

1960. SHANNON, PATRICK and JAMES. Patrick, light brown hair, James, red hair. Lived in Toronto many years. Sister parted from them when a child. She is anxious for information as to their whereabouts.

1961. BEAN or SMITH—HENRY. Age, 40. Dark complexion; large lump on back of neck; been in America 13 years; not been heard of for four years. Then at Fitzroy Harbor, Carleton County, Ont. Wife enquires.

1962. GRAY, JOHN. Age, 35. 5 ft. 6 in.; dark complexion. Left Yorkshire about thirteen years ago. Last heard of six years ago. Address, Mrs. Wm. W. Thacker, 86 Black Sherbrooke, P. Q.

1963. TRAVIS, WILLIAM. Age, 65. 5 ft. 6 in. Dark complexion; gray hair; joiner and builder by trade. July 21, 1891, was taken to a Salvationist. Address 134 Chestnut Street, Toronto. Wife enquires.

1964. SCOTT, WILLIAM. Age, 45; brown eyes; dark hair; 5 ft. 7 in. marked on back of neck. Said to be working in Manitoba. Wife enquires.

1965. SHEA, CHAS. EDWARD. Sixteen years of age; short, stout, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard of during a theft from Beauport to Winnipeg in October of 1896. Mother in hospital at time of leaving. Mother enquires, and is very sick; will be glad to hear from him. Address, Mrs. Shea, 162 Stephen Street, Point Douglas, Winnipeg, Man.

1966. PAGE, ALFRED. Left London, England, about 18 years ago. Sent to Canada by some school worked for a Mr. Roch, Bartonville, Ont. Brother enquires.

Jesus Christ will let force open the door of any heart.—Geo. D. Watson.

There is unspoken blessing and profit in the quiet hours spent with God and His Word.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, B. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



GUELPH.—Looking North from Central School.

Our Barracks is on the left of little church—not visible.